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Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

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A DISCOURSE ON HELL,

Delivered in the First Congregational Church, New Orleans, March 19.

BY THEODORE CLAPP.

"But whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire." Matthew 5: 22.

I have selected these words for the theme of our meditations this morning, in compliance with an express and urgent invitation.

My object is to present a simple statement of those scriptural facts connecting the solemn and important term hell, which can be fully appreciated by those only who are well acquainted with the languages in which the truths of inspiration were originally communicated. I call the word *hell* momentous, because, in times past, (to say nothing of the present day) it has been the most awful and exciting term in the whole vocabulary of the christian world. Since my memory, more was said, on an average, by the pulpit, about the horrors of endless perdition, than all which was uttered touching the perfections of the Supreme Father—the beauties of holiness, or the glories of an immortal state. Now, whilst I am speaking, in many parts of the United States any discourse from the pulpit, however able or eloquent, is looked upon as radically defective which does not, in direct terms, address to the impenitent the heart-rending menaces of everlasting woe.

Again, I denominate *hell* a solemn and weighty term, because it has heretofore designated a doctrine which has been a rack of torture, a source of unutterable anxiety, gloom and despair to countless millions of our weak, erring, sinful and misguided race. Like the cloud, spoken of in the apocalypse, ascending from a bottomless pit for fifteen hundred years, it has cast a dim eclipse on the nations of Christendom, blasted their temporal hopes and happiness, and caused the twilight of eternal death to settle upon their prospects beyond the grave.

Again, this doctrine, since its first promulgation, has never been able to prevent a single sin—a single species of crime—nor to convert a single sinner. On the contrary, it has operated, immeasurably, to multiply and increase the very mischiefs it was intended to suppress. From the days of St. Augustine to the present hour, the fear of hell has not reclaimed one bad man—has not recalled one knave from turpitude to tread the walks of benevolence and righteousness. The unfounded tenet, that the Creator is capable of frowning his children down to hell, and following them with his wrath and curse through interminable ages, for the sins committed in this frail-tried, imperfect state of existence, has contributed more than all the other corruptions of christianity combined to swell that tide of vice, crime and immoralities which, for ages, has rolled its dark and troubled billows, foul as the recesses of the Stygian pit, across this footstool of Jehovah—

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haul the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip
Let that, eye, be your border;

Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

I have laid an emphasis on the phrase *Scriptural facts*; because the religion which I profess to teach, is, as it seems to me, that of the Bible—the whole Bible—and nothing but the Bible. With me, an assertion of this sacred volume is as immeasurably above that of any uninspired man as the throne of the Creator is above this humble pulpit. One is the decision of unerring wisdom—the other is a conjecture, or opinion, or, at best, an argument of some mind, perhaps as weak, frail and fallible as my own.

Let me add, that I enter upon this discussion with the most fervent prayer that Heaven would be pleased to vouchsafe me that divine support, without which our best efforts must be unavailing, whilst I attempt to vindicate his insulted honor and perverted truth. God grant that I may be kept from advancing any serious, fatal, or essential errors. Let the present moment terminate my existence on earth—let me, this instant, share the same fate as that of an illustrious fellow-citizen who, a few days ago, by a visitation of Providence, at the capitol in Washington, fell, *in the twinkling of an eye*, close-locked in death's embrace—rather than be upheld here one hour longer only to help forward the cause of corruption—rather than be left this morning to utter any thing detrimental to the interests of pure religion—detrimental to the virtue of the immortal beings within the sound of my voice, or the reach of my influence.

So long ago as the year 1824 I began to entertain serious doubts concerning the truth of those representations on this subject usually given by the pulpit. These doubts, in a short time, became clamorous and importunate—absolutely irrepressible. They were the theme of my musings by day, and my dreams at night. There was no honest way, as it struck me, to silence these misgivings, but by a complete re-examination of the term *hell*—its origin, history, and various meanings, through the entire compass of Scripture. I immediately commenced the task with all the zeal and integrity of which I am capable, and with the best helps in my possession. The investigation was continued, with as few interruptions as possible, for the space of ten years, when I arrived at the conclusions which I shall now attempt to communicate.

In addition, I should say, that at the time above-mentioned, I had never seen or read any of the writings of the Unitarian or Universalist divines—not those even of Dr. Channing, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two occasional discourses, which had been sent to me through the post office. During the whole ten years, my studies were confined to the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, together with the Dictionaries and other works required for their explanation. My simple, only object, was to ascertain, what "*Saith the Lord*" concerning the final destination of the wicked. I commend especially to your attention, the fact that I was brought into my present state of mind by the instrumentality of the Bible only—a state of mind running counter to all the prejudices of early life, of parental instruction, of the school, college, theological seminary and professional cast. My circumstances, at the time, are a sufficient proof that I could not have been actuated by selfish, mercenary or improper motives. I was well aware that, by the public proclamation of my present sentiments, I shrill be exposed to the severest anathemas of the church, so called; tha

naked, and almost alone, I should encounter the bristling spears and bayonets of that large army which, though it repudiates the use of the wheel, the rack and the gibbet, employs, for the purpose of preventing free enquiry, the more cruel engines of scorn, contempt, obloquy and misrepresentation. The very worst form of persecution prevails in this land of boasted freedom. There is much less of religious freedom in the United States than in Europe. Here, if a clergyman feel bound, in conscience, to interpret the Scriptures differently from the majority of the denomination to which he belongs, he cannot follow his private judgment without putting to hazard his good name, his standing with the church, and even his *Christian character*, without being driven like chaff before the storm of popular prejudice and persecuting clamor.

Indeed, when I walked over to the side of truth, I did not know, absolutely, that I should be sustained by this congregation. To be sure, I had great confidence in your wisdom, firmness and spirit of liberality. But I could not foresee how they would decide in my particular case. Your decision has been made—I have been supported with a candor, kindness and undeviating attachment, the thought of which fills me with the most delightful and intense emotions of joy and gratitude. You threw over me theegis of your protection in the dark hour of peril, and bade me speak the truth *without fear*; only forbearing the indulgence of any feelings or passions towards those, who differed from me in opinion, inconsistent with that divine principle of love, which led the Messiah to lay down his life to ransom a sinful and ruined world.

I shall now proceed to state the *Scriptural facts* in regard to the word hell. It is, to me, a matter of regret that I am under the necessity of omitting many of the arguments that have led me to the conclusions to which your attention is now invited. Some of these are quite inaccessible to those unacquainted with the original languages of Sacred Writ. To exhibit others, even in outline, would require sermons enough to make a book. I can only assure you that I will communicate nothing but the results of my own investigations—investigations as thorough and complete as I could possibly make them. During the last twenty-four years I have spent more than twelve entire months in searching out the testimony of scripture touching this subject. I have read every chapter and verse of the original Bible, from Genesis to Revelations. I hope you will not look upon this allusion to my researches in the light of pedantry. I wish my hearers to feel that there is nothing rash, light-minded nor precipitate in the judgments which this discourse is intended to spread before them.

First—The word hell, in the sense of a place of eternal punishment for the wicked, does not occur once in all the Hebrew Old Testament. No biblical scholar can doubt the truth of this statement, who will take the trouble to read the scriptures for himself. The Hebrew word *Sheol*, is rendered by our translators *hell*, thirty-two times. Now, in Hebrew literature, the word *Sheol* in its literal sense, always means *pit, grave, or the world of the dead*. In a figurative sense, it is sometimes employed to signify temporal *ruin, calamity, or desolation*. The word is never used in any other acceptations throughout the Old Testament. Moreover, the word translated everlasting, eternal, forever, is not connected, in a single instance, with the term *Sheol*, by any of the Old Testament writers. They never speak of an eternal, everlasting, or endless Sheol. We have a perfect dictionary of the Hebrew language. In this there are no other definitions given of Sheol than those above mentioned. What a conclusive fact! Suppose the English had ceased to be a living language—preserved only in books—suppose further, that in all the writings of this dialect, both sacred and profane, the word hell could not be found, in a single instance—would not the infallible inference be drawn that the people who used this language never entertained the idea, or belief of a place of endless pun-

ishment for the wicked. The same remarks are applicable to the Septuagint—a Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, made by the most distinguished Jewish scholars of their day, about two hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era. Besides, the Hebrew Bible has not, in a single text, in any form of phraseology, which addresses to the final impenitent the menaces of everlasting perdition. I cannot find even so much as an illusion to the punishment of a disembodied sinner, in a future state of existence, from Genesis to Malachi. In addition, Dr. Campbell, of Scotland, Professor Stewart, of Andover—firm believers in the doctrine of endless misery—pronounced it to be very plain that neither in the Hebrew Old Testament, nor in the version of the Seventy, nor in the New Testament, does the word *Sheol*, or the corresponding Greek term *Hades* convey the meaning, which the present English word *hell*, in the Christian usage, always conveys to our minds. So far as I know, there is not a divine or critic of any sect, or nation, familiar with the Hebrew language, who does not concur in opinion, on this subject, with these distinguished scholars.

Jesus Christ told the Jews, that the Old Testament contained all that was necessary to guide them to eternal life—(see John, v.—39—47.) But we have seen that it says not a word about hell, or place of everlasting punishment for the wicked; that the only punishment it ever speaks of, or alludes to, consists of those sufferings which sinners endure this side of the grave. But, if there be such a place as hell, must it not have been mentioned in a revelation which Jesus himself pronounces a complete and ample directory in our endeavors after the happiness of a future state? This question exhibits its own answer. For thousands of years, before the advent of our Savior, the Jewish nation enjoyed a divine communication from God himself, in which the Supreme Father professes to furnish them with a catalogue of all the evils to which mankind are exposed by leading a wicked life. In this list of evils, no notice is taken of hell. Consequently, if there be such a place, the authors of the Jewish Scriptures have imposed upon the world a tremendous fraud—a fraud that must involve millions of our misguided race in eternal ruin. Even more, the Son of God himself, has connived at, has sanctioned, this enormous, amazing imposture.—A word to the wise is sufficient.

Second—Let us now turn our attention to the New Testament. Dr. Campbell, of Scotland, whose name I have just mentioned, a luminary in the Presbyterian world, admits that there is but one word employed in the New Testament to denote the place of future punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels. If I am not mistaken, all divines—believers in endless misery—who understand the Greek Scriptures, concur with the Doctor in this particular. Dr. Campbell tells us, that Hades, spoken of in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, is not the place of endless retribution for the wicked—and that the same may be said of Gartarus, which occurs only once, and is found, 2d Peter, ii—4. He insists upon it, that the only word in the New Testament, which signifies the place of endless misery is that, which, in our text, is rendered *hell-fire*. This term, in the original is Gehenna. It is not a Greek word—neither can it be found in the Greek Classics. All agree that it is a proper name, or noun, composed of two Hebrew words, GE and HINNOM—the valley of Hinnom. So you see, the word is derived from the geography of ancient Palestine. Like the phrase, *valley of the Hudson*, or *valley of the Connecticut*, it designated a certain extent of place—a dell—through which ran the brook Cedron, in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. The first mention of this place in the Bible, is in Joshua, xv—8. It was there that the cruel sacrifices of children were made by fire to Moloch, (2d Chron., xxxiii—6.) The place was also called Tophet, (2d Kings, xxii—10) as is supposed from the noise of drums, raised on purpose to drown the

cries of the helpless infants. Toph, is the Hebrew word for drum. When King Josiah purged the land of idolatry, he desecrated this place; and it subsequently became the common receptacle of the rubbish and filth conveyed out of the city of Jerusalem; and the carcasses of brutes and the dead bodies of the most notorious criminals were cast into the common heap. Fires were kept perpetually burning in this valley, that the mass of putrefaction might be consumed; the worms, in the meantime revelling in their luxurious repast, until driven away or destroyed by the heat. Indeed, to the mind of a Jew, no other place could convey such a lively view of utter wretchedness and abominations as the valley of Hinnom. With these facts before you, allow me to ask, can you imagine anything more absurd than the assertion that the term hell is used by the Sacred Writers to signify a place in the eternal world, where the finally impenitent will be tormented forever?

Now, all concede, that the word Gehenna, used in our text, was borrowed from the Old Testament. The question then, is, do the Old Testament writers use Gehenna, or Tophet, as an emblem of any thing—and if so, what is that thing, concerning which they use it as an emblem? If you will read the following paragraphs, (Jer. chap. 19th, and chap. 7th from 19th verse to the end,) you will be able to give a clear, definite answer to this question. You can have no doubt after reading these two quotations, that the Old Testament writers made the valley of Hinnom, or Tophet, an emblem: 1st. Of temporal punishment in general, but never of future, eternal punishment in another state of existence. 2d. It is equally evident that they made it an emblem of a future temporal punishment to the Jews, as a nation. Not a word is dropped about suffering in the unseen, eternal world. It is not mentioned as a punishment for wicked men generally, or of Jews and Gentiles indiscriminately. No. The Jews only, and they as a nation, were to suffer this punishment. No doubt our Lord referred to the same punishment in Matt. xxii—35 and 24, 21, 22, and in Luke, xxi—22. Even the believers in endless punishment admit the correctness of the statement which I have made, that in the Old Testament, Gehenna is never employed to denote a place of eternal suffering. But they affirm, that in the time of our Savior the meaning of the word was so changed as to become emblematical of eternal punishment. Let this fact be established, scriptural authority, and I am perfectly satisfied.

The arguments which they adduce to prove this change in the sense of Gehenna, are, to my mind, utterly inconclusive. We are told that the words *everlasting* and *unquenchable*, applied to the term Gehenna, demonstrates that it means a place of eternal misery for the wicked. Hear what Mr. Parkhurst, an orthodox commentator, says on the words, "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." He thus writes on the passage: "Our Lord seems to allude to the worms which continually preyed on the dead carcasses that were cast out into the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, and to the *perpetual fire* there kept up to consume them." The learned Joseph Mede says, "Gehenna, where the worm dieth not, and the fire shall never be quenched, is not a place of eternal misery in a future state, but in the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem." This accomplished divine was also a firm believer in endless misery. I could give almost innumerable authorities of the same kind. But it is unnecessary. All agree that our Savior, in all his conversations and discourses on the subject of religion, adopted the usages of the Old Testament writers, except in those cases where a declaration to the contrary is made, either by implication or in express terms. Now, throughout the Hebrew Scriptures, in every instance, the phrases *everlasting fire*, and *the fire that shall never be quenched*, are used as emblems of temporal punishment merely. (See Isaiah, xxiv—8—11. Jer. xvii—27.)

In the New Testament they must be understood in the same sense, unless you can produce conclusive evidence that Jesus Christ, or his apostles, changed their import, and employed them to signify an eternal suffering beyond the grave. No evidence is in existence that such a change was ever made. True, it has been asserted. But the assertion is entirely gratuitous—unsupported by a shadow of proof.

They who peruse the Holy Scriptures in the English language only are led astray by the circumstance that the original words rendered by our translators "forever, everlasting," &c., do not by necessity signify an endless duration. In my judgment they are never once used in the Bible to express an absolute eternity. But however this may be, it is universally admitted by my opposers that the mere force of the original words *alam*, and *aionios*, translated "everlasting, eternal," cannot be depended on to prove the *endless duration of any thing whatever*. They also say that *when the subject is not from its nature eternal, these adjectives must be understood as implying but a limited duration*. This settles the whole dispute; for no one has ever undertaken to prove from the Bible that the punishment of sin is endless in its nature. It is said (Jonah, ii—6) that the rebellious prophet was in the fishes belly forever—throughout eternity. Now our Savior tells us that this eternity was only three days in duration. Paul, in his epistle to Philemon, speaks of Onesimus as an everlasting and eternal slave; meaning by the language simply that he would be in bondage to the day of his death. Here the term might designate a single hour only, or even but one moment. Instances of a similar usage might be multiplied to an indefinite extent; but it is quite superfluous to pursue the topic any farther, for every divine in christendom who reads the Scriptures in the original, admits that the mere force of the words *alam* and *aionios* can never prove the interminable existence of anything.

Be pleased to remember that Jonah endured an eternal punishment in the space of seventy-two hours. This fact is indisputable. I refer, of course, to the usages of language which prevail throughout the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. "If we would understand the Scriptures aright," says Bishop Lowth, "we must throw ourselves back to the time in which they were written, and as far as possible enter into the views, and feelings, and habits of the people to whom they were written, and become acquainted with their modes of speaking and the many qualifications and extent of the phraseology they used." Almost all the errors in the theological systems of the present day are to be undoubtedly ascribed to the want of a thorough acquaintance with the dictionary of the original Scriptures.

But we are told that it is *possible* that the word *hell*, or *gehenna*, was employed by our Savior to signify a place of eternal punishment for the wicked; and it is best to err on the safe side. Now in my judgment, it is quite *impossible* that the Son of God should have used the word in this acceptation. My reasons are the following: First, Jesus Christ tells us often that God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the *WORLD*, but that the *WORLD* through him might be saved. (John, iii—17. All commentators of the first class admit that the term "world" in this text means the whole human race. Will God's eternal purpose be frustrated? "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." (Isaiah, xlii—10. Secondly, The New Testament affirms that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the *JUST* and the *UNJUST*; and that in the *RESURRECTION STATE* there can be no death—no sin—no trouble. (Acts, xxiv—15; Luke xx—35, 36; 1 Cor. xv—from 22d verse to the close. If, as is here asserted, all mankind shall be raised to a state of immortal holiness and happiness, then it is not possible that there should be a place of *eternal punishment* for the wicked. Thirdly, The New Testament writers often assert that the whole human race will eventually be saved. (Romans, viii—19, 20, 21, 22, and 23; also, Romans, v—from 15th verse to the end; also, 1 Cor. xxv—22d and following verses. Many other texts of a similar character might be cited: Phillipians, ii—6 to 11.) The spirit of these quotations is utterly subversive of the doctrine of endless misery. Fourth, The word *gehenna* occurs but twelve times in the whole gospel. Expounders of every school agree that in two of these instances the term is employed to signify temporal evils only—(Matt. v—22, and James, iii, 6)—so that strictly speaking there are but ten texts having the word "hell," on which the advocates of endless misery can pretend to rely to substantiate their doctrine. These were all uttered by

our Savior, and are recorded in Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Eight of them are addressed to the twelve disciples exclusively. Only twice did the Son of God use the phrase *gehenna* in all those discourses and communications addressed to the people at large, indiscriminately; and in every one of these cases, as I believe, he employs the word as an emblem of the temporal calamities about to be visited upon the Jewish nation. It is agreed that from Luke to the end of the New Testament *gehenna* is found but once, and that there it is used with reference to the present world only. During the first forty years after the crucifixion of Jesus the apostles preached the gospel and established churches all over the populous parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe. We have an account of their prayers, letters and discourses among the inhabitants of Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Rome, and other ancient cities. In this account the word "hell" does not occur in a solitary instance. But if it means a place of endless misery to which all sinners are exposed, they should have used the term in every sentence of their prayers, epistles, and sermons, as is the case with modern preachers of eternal vengeance. Upon the plan of the popular theology it is impossible to vindicate the character of Jesus and his apostles, except by the assertion often made, that though they used the word "hell" so sparingly, yet they employed in abundance synonymous words and phrases in teaching the dogma of a future everlasting wrath. This assertion I deny in the most unqualified terms. Within the last twenty years I have examined again and again every text and paragraph of Scripture which are adduced by the believers of endless punishment in support of their doctrine, and am prepared to prove to every honest, unprejudiced mind, that in the *original writings*, called inspired, from the first verse of Genesis to the last of the apocalypse, there is not a single sentence, in any form of phraseology, *truly interpreted*, which favors the horrid sentiment that they who die impenitent will continue wretched and corrupt through an absolute eternity. In our translation some texts seem to support the doctrine, but they are in reality all of them perversions of the original. We have seen that the word "hell" is not found in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, yet it occurs in our version fifty-five times. Correct these erroneous texts, and the delusions that prevail on this solemn theme, would be banished from the religious world; or even leave the momentous terms, *Sheol*, *Hades*, and *Gehenna* untranslated, and then no one, it is probable, would be materially deceived. Surely there is not a clergyman in this community who would knowingly and deliberately build up the system of theology which he teaches, however much he may cherish it, by the help of *pious frauds*. On the contrary, there are hundreds of texts which teach, in my poor judgment, the final holiness and happiness of all mankind. Fifth, all grant that our prayers in the closet, in the family, and the church, should be consistent with the teaching and example of Jesus Christ. The Savior and his apostles prayed for the salvation of the whole human race. Will you take the ground that they offered daily prayers for what they knew was entirely repugnant to the will and purposes of Heaven? Is it not our duty, as christians, perpetually to send up the petition—"Thy will be done?" You are a father; last week you lost an only son—a profligate—cut down amidst the perpetration of enormous crimes—in the very act. You believe in the endless misery of those who die impenitent. Can you this day, after church, go out to yonder cemetery, und kneeling down at the fresh grave, utter the following prayer—"Heavenly Father, if my dear child died unregenerate, I beseech thee that he may be punished forever; let him be a wretched outcast from God and paradise through eternity; let no ray of hope reach him; let no night afford him refreshing repose; let no returning morn bring him hope, joy, respite or gladness; let unavailing sighs pierce the silence of his dungeon, and from beneath the smoke of his unbending torment let wailings, weeping, and knashing of teeth be heard for ever and ever! These favors I ask in the name of Jesus Christ our most blessed Lord and Savior. Amen." To see your son, however wicked he might have been, stretched but one night on the rack, or over the slow fires of the inquisitorial vengeance, would be insupportable. Imagine such a night. What to the agonized victim are its horrors? What its duration? What? Its moments are accounted ages. The wheels of time seem to move not, the morning star to stand still, and the sun which brings back the day to have set to rise no more. Yet this is not hell. Nor are these the pains of hell. What are twelve hours compared with an unwasting eternity?

Ah! accumulated and accumulating amount of interminable sufferings. Who can tell how great it will eventually become? Not all the aggravated miseries which the Universe has hitherto endured can equal it. I might count the sands, I might even estimate the rays of light which proceed from the stars and number them; but the dreadful sum of eternal punishment no finite mind can estimate. It swells beyond our largest thoughts. Banishment from God—communion with devils—the pollution of sin—remorse of conscience—absolute despair for ever and ever. What ideas are these? Can you pray that these evils may be inflicted on the worst sinner that has gone down to the congregation of the dead? Impossible! Do you really believe that any one, in "this frail and feverish being of an hour," can contract guilt enough to deserve such a terrific retribution? Again I say impossible. Do you believe that the all-glorious Creator, who is infinite love, can place a child in such a world, and under such circumstances, as could even expose him to the peril of endless hell; that the never dying worm and everlasting fire—terms of such dreadful import—are only emblems. What then? Are the pains they indicate less terrible on that account? Ah! me, what are the severest pains which material agents can inflict, compared with those torments of which to dwell in eternal flames is but an emblem? My friends, there is not a minister of any denomination in christendom who can pray for endless damnation. He cannot, therefore, consistently advocate it in his preaching.

But this question is often asked. Why have not other clergymen made the discoveries which you proclaim so confidently in regard to the term hell? I reply, that in the United States there are more than two thousand Christian teachers of the highest respectability, who have adopted essentially the views which have been presented to your notice this morning. Many others concur with us in opinion, who think it a duty to conceal their sentiments. The vast majority of those ministers among us called orthodox, have never gone through that elaborate investigation of the scriptures to which I adverted in the commencement of my remarks. They have attached themselves to a particular sect, and have taken a solemn oath to support the doctrines which that sect enjoins. It is not to be expected that they should introduce into their pulpit such a discussion as this. They cannot do it without sacrificing their good name, their standing in the church—their very subsistence, and that of those families with whose fates and fortunes their own are identified.

This is unfortunate in regard to discovering what is true; and most discouraging to those who are inclined to pursue investigations of this nature. It is well that there are some persons, who can safely engage in this great cause, and venture with unembarrassed minds upon the pursuit of what is biblical, and upon the rejection of what human philosophy has added to the Holy Scriptures. Let me not be understood as throwing out any insinuations against the moral purity of those clergymen. O, no. They are good men, and true, faithful and persevering in their vocations, and entitled to the respect and confidence of their several congregations. I was once as they are now, and feel quite sure that, *at that time*, I was not wanting in sincerity. Dr. Channing has beautifully said that "they may be compared to Samson, with his eyes put out and bound with fetters of brass, and grinding in the prison-house."

In justice to the truth, I must add, that on the continent of Europe, not a clergyman can be found in all the Protestant denominations, even those called *evangelical*, who believes or teaches the doctrine of endless misery. So that taking the whole Christian world into consideration, the majority of clergymen adopt essentially the principles of this discourse.

My friends, you are well aware that this pulpit has uniformly maintained the doctrine that God exercises a perfect moral government over all men, and all intelligent beings. Throughout the universe, everywhere, wickedness is duly punished, and holiness has never failed, in a solitary instance, of being amply remunerated. Not a clergyman in the United States subscribes to the doctrine of a material hell. If a sinner were tormented in a fire for endless ages, such torture would not amount to an adequate punishment for the slightest moral offence. As sin is mental transgression; the appropriate penalty of sin, then, must be some form of mental suffering. The punishment of sin is the necessary exercises of a mind narrowed by exacting selfishness, inflated by pride and vanity, heated by wrath and malice, debased by sensual desires, and steeled with utter insensibility to the claims of God, truth, honor and philanthropy. Now, all divines admit that there is no hell but the brand and stigma which licentiousness stamps on the heart; the emotions of a narrow, envious and malevolent mind; the baseness of trying to build one's self upon the ruins of others; the restlessness of an unsatisfied and desolate soul; the darkness of an intellect estranged

and alienated from the great Central Luminary of the Universe ; and the sharp, piercing stings of an accusing conscience, which inflict upon the poor sinner a shame and agony more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths. No material fire could cause as much pain as is produced by those guilty, agonizing passions, which burn, blacken and blast the soul, and lay upon it a grievous weight of retribution which, without repentance in time, may darken and depress its fortunes through what (to our minds) are the unknown and immeasurable evolutions of a coming eternity. Yes, man was not sent into this world to lead an animal life merely ; to indulge his bodily appetites and passions ; to revel in the joys of sense and drink of pleasures guilty even a few years, and then to lie down in the same ditch with the brute, to be lost in the dark gulf of annihilation. This life is a school, where we have been placed to be trained up for an ever-expanding glory in a better world. Touching these particulars all the clergy in the United States are of one mind.

But I differ from many of my brethren with respect to the two following points only :

1. I hold that the punishment of those who die impenitent in a future state will be disciplinary ; will come to an end ; will terminate finally in their recovery and restoration to a heavenly and immortal bliss. Yet, I suppose that, in a limited or accommodated sense, retribution will be endless. Memory and conscience will never die. If I have intentionally injured my neighbor ; if I have robbed the young and beautiful of their innocence ; if I have had recourse to dishonorable and unworthy means to accomplish my enterprises—the remembrance of these transactions will go along with me through eternity ; not, indeed, to produce positive suffering, but to lower the degree of happiness falling to my allotment, even along the line of an immortal being.

2. To my mind, the Scriptures plainly declare that with reference to sins already committed, there can be no remission of the punishment which they deserve. God will never clear the guilty. What is done, is done. What is writ, is writ. Even the Almighty cannot unravel the web of our past lives to weave it anew and unspotted. Whatever punishment our guilt demands must be inflicted, or God would cease to be a Ruler, infinitely just and merciful. The inestimable blessings of the atonement cannot travel back beyond the time of the sinner's actual repentance. The punishment due for all the offences committed prior to that important era, the sinner must endure in his own person. These views I derive from the teachings of sacred writ. But, I have no time now to advert to the evidence on which they are founded ; nor to make those explanations which are required to render them intelligible to such present as are strangers to my peculiar views. I can only say that the laws of retribution advocated in this church are more strict and efficient than those maintained in any other pulpit of this city. If all believed really what we teach about punishment, then all would be Christians—then all the loathsome forms of moral evil would flee away from the sight and hearing of a world's redeemed, emancipated and rejoicing millions. I can conceive of nothing more demoralizing than the doctrine usually taught from the pulpit, that one mental act of sorrow and compunction, on a death bed, can wash the sooty Ethiop white ; can, in a moment, cause all the spots on his soul and life to disappear, and clothe him with those unfading robes of beauty and wisdom which angels wear before the throne. I know it is generally thought that the doctrine of God's infinite wrath is a main pillar in the gospel of our Lord. To me, it seems more corrupting than any other idea which has ever entered the human mind. It represents the Father of all as inexorable—a boundless fountain of cruelty itself—giving him a character darker than night, and presents him in that light which must, of necessity, prevent the believers thereof from cherishing one sentiment of cordial affection for their Creator. And whoever does not love God will be sure to sin against him. The very thought of Almighty vengeance is enough to cover earth with sackcloth, and involve the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. If the doctrine generally taught concerning hell be true, then we may say, in the language of the poet—

"Truth, ever lovely—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants and the friend of man—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing goodness, pillow'd on the heart !
Yet if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Jesus never told :
Let wisdom smile not on her conquered field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
Oh ! let her read, not loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !"
We cannot be more perfect than the God whom we adore.

Whatever we look upon as superior, we assimilate to. If we believe a doctrine which represents the Creator as cruel, partial, or revengeful, this belief will tend to harden and destroy all the finer feelings and sensibilities of our nature ; make us (though ever so sincere) sour, morose, exclusive and bigoted ; and give to our characters harsh, stern and repulsive features. As the stream cannot rise higher than its fountain ; so no one can surpass, in moral excellence, the Divinity at whose shrine he daily offers supreme homage and adoration.

Original.

"WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US."

WRITTEN BY JACOBS.

(Continued from last week.)

Suspensehœft did not approve his brother's plan ; he thought him lavish of his goodness to his sons, and reasoned that some smaller favors would secure the end in view, as certainly as that munificence the plan proposed. The Prince replied,

"If I require a full and perfect love, I give the price and purchase it. My sons must see that I have not withheld a single favor which I had to give, that would have added to their happiness. My object is to leave them evidences of my love for them ; and can they be too great ? No, all my plan must have a speedy execution."

The point was yielded in favor of the Prince, and the guardianship accepted. Three years rolled past, and the plan was made complete in all its parts. The mansion was erected and furnished as the Prince proposed. The gardens were adorned, and perfected, the park was finished, and the whole was beautiful according to the father's wish. One work alone had been neglected. From the time of the Prince's departure, up to this period, his name had not been mentioned to his sons. The brother had chosen to pursue this course to test the strength of their memory and filial love. The result was sad indeed ; for when the day arrived in which they were to look upon the manifestations of their father's love for them, it was proved conclusively that they had forgotten him.

It was Spring—the most lovely of its latest mornings. The skies were clear, the sun was just arising to adorn the chambers of the east, and pour upon the awakened world his flood of light and glory. The dew-drops sparkled upon every leaf and flower, and as the eye surveyed the extended scene, it seemed some angel had descended with the shades of night, and decked the fields with glittering diamonds. Suspensehœft awoke his brother's sons, and led them to their mansion. Never before had it appeared so beautiful. The rays of the rising sun, as they fell upon the gilded dome, and streamed back from the spacious windows, making the whole mansion appear like a temple of fire—the garden, with its plants and flowers, bathed in the life-renewing dew that rested like a sparkling crown on every leaf and rose—the park with its deep shades, its silvery pools, its warbling songsters lifting their morning's praise to God, all these conspired to make the whole appear a scene on fairy ground. The children gazed in silent wonder—completely lost in admiration. They ran through the gardens—they roamed through the park—they sat down by the fountain in whose spray rested the rainbow form, they reclined upon the grassy mounds beneath the fragrant bowers, and every object of beauty was shown them with the strictest care. They were then led to their mansion. They were taken to its every apartment, and from its dome they were permitted to look, at once, upon the whole scene of unequalled loveliness. Finally, they were led to look upon their father's name, written in letters of gold, upon the inner wall, in the chief apartment of the mansion.

They read the name, and the remembrance of their father awoke within their youthful minds, with a freshness and perfection which caused their uncle to wonder,

He then made known to them the all important truth upon which the father depended in performing the great work he so earnestly desired to effect.

"This," said Supensenhoft, "is all your own, children."

As he spake these words, a shout of joy arose from both their young hearts, and they could hardly be restrained in the passionate expression of their overflowing happiness.

"Ours!" they repeated, again and again; "ours. This beautiful mansion—these lovely gardens, the park, the fountains, the bowers; all ours! But," said they, in almost the same breath "who has prepared all this for us? Who has given it to us?"

"This," said their uncle, "all this is the gift of your father. He has prepared it expressly for you—he is the giver of all you have this morning seen."

The boys looked up and read again their father's name upon the wall; the tears of joy ran down their cheeks, and they exclaimed,

"Oh, how he must have loved us!"

They ran to where his name was written, they kissed that name, and then both said again,

"Oh, how much he must have loved us."

The father's expectations were fully realized. From that morning forward, to the day of his return, his children did not cease to bless his name, to remember him with the deepest and purest emotions of love, and to practice all those virtues he had so early taught them. They never saw their mansion, they never looked upon the fruits and flowers he had given them in their gardens, and they never chased the bounding deer around their park, but what the exclamation would mount to their lips,

"Oh, how our father must have loved us."

And need it be said here that they loved him in proportion as they enjoyed his love. Such is a universal law. They loved him because he first loved them—they loved him in proportion as they realized his love. And when he returned to them, although they had at one time almost forgotten that they had a father, he found their love as fresh, and warm, and pure, as when he clasped them to his arms, pronounced his blessing upon them, and bade them farewell.

Love was the loan for love.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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History of Universalism in New York.

FROM 1828 TO 1832.

Not long subsequent to the defection of Mr. Kneeland, Universalism sunk to its lowest ebb. Mr. Mitchell, who had suffered from disease, had become disgusted with his conduct, and to some extent alienated from those who had been connected with the "First Universalist Society," the name to which the "Second Society of United Christian Friends" had been changed; and hence he was not able to recall them into his fold. And his own Society became so much diminished that it was unable to pay him a salary. Besides, Mr. K. clung, for awhile, to the name of Christian, and kept up meetings in the Masonic Hall till his infidelity was openly confessed, when he sought to do what he could to destroy not Universalism merely but every form of religion. Our holy doctrine was then a wreck, and the name of it a term of reproach and regret. Its friends wept in secret and in silence.

In the fall of this year Rev. Theophilus Fisk, at that time located with the Lombard Street Society in Philadelphia, a brother somewhat notorious for his enterprise in getting up newspapers, came to this city and made arrangements for the

purchase of the "Olive Branch," a paper managed by Mr. Kneeland. He called into his service Rev. Abel C. Thomas, a young man who had become much interested in Universalism. They together revived the old "Gospel Herald," and commenced what may be called the germ of "Universalism as it is," in this city. They succeeded in winning the confidence and awakening hope in the bosoms of the disheartened. Mr. F. preached occasionally in Masonic Hall, and in other parts of the city, though he retained his charge of the Society in Philadelphia.

A movement was finally made in the Spring of 1829, with a view to get up a Society. A few brethren got together and purchased a small wooden building in Grand street, at the head of Division, formerly occupied by the Episcopalians. Here Mr. Thomas commenced stated preaching April 5, and continued his labors there till the next fall, when he removed to Philadelphia, and Mr. F. came to this city. He wrote me Oct. 8, "Kneeland has so completely paralyzed every thing like Liberal Christianity by his conduct, that the prospect is gloomy enough, I assure you. In order to revive the drooping spirits of our friends, I hired Masonic Hall, at my own expense, but fear we shall have to sit down in despair until the clouds be overpast." It was by the united labors of these two servants that the revival was begun; though it gave small signs of promise for some time. The removal of Mr. Thomas well nigh scattered the little flock. The writer was on a visit to this city about that time, and heard bitter lamentation in Israel. The half dozen sermons I preached here were numerously attended, though no body seemed to believe that success was possible. Amongst the ardent and undismayed friends to our cause in those dark days, honorable mention should be made of Messrs. Bartlett, Shirley, and Downer, who staggered not, but believed something could be done; for which they were willing to do all in their power. There were others who co-operated with them, but they were the Committee. The former, under date of Dec. 30, 1828, says: "We have been almost discouraged, and unable to arrive at any definite conclusion until the present time . . . If you will be here by April next, we will immediately enlarge the Church in Grand street, so as to accommodate about double the number it now contains. We think we shall have a Society which will be able to afford you a salary of \$600." This invitation I was obliged to decline, as I had agreed to remove to Albany. I received a letter dated Feb. 24, 1830, from Dr. Downer, Clerk of the "3d Universalist Society," from which I make the following extracts, without alteration, in order to show what the true condition of Universalism was at that time, and what sort of a preacher was wanted:

"We are, at present, destitute of a preacher. Our real situation, sir, is briefly this—a few friends of us have, during the past year, purchased and paid for a house in which Mr. Thomas was to officiate until the 1st of May next, on such terms as we thought we could comply with, i. e. he said, we might give him what we could. We did accordingly do as much for him as we were able, yet for some reasons or other best known to himself he has abandoned us. In the most critical time for our infant society, when the experiment was scarcely commenced, he and Mr. F. had a rupture, which terminated in an advertisement in the daily papers: to the great gratification of our enemies, and the extreme grief and mortification of our Society. Thus you see, by this conduct, in connexion with other things, our Society has very nearly received its death blow. I take no pleasure in enlarging on this subject. Such were the facts, and such their bearing on the Society. Many who were beginning to think favorably of us have retired in disgust. Disaffection and inaction have in some degree disjoined and scattered the flock—humiliating indeed, but nevertheless true. But there is yet hope, if we can obtain some honest, steady, able and efficient man to rally around, and preach for us, for such compensation, as the nature of the subject will allow.

"Much will depend on the man himself. I conceive we lack nothing but the assistance of such a man, and a little time,

o make of us a large, respectable, and happy Society. We want some person who will interest himself in building us up. We, in our severed condition, have little to offer of a pecuniary nature. I perfectly agree with you that Universalism has suffered much in this city, and that it will require an effort to restore it even to respectability. But the fault is not in the doctrine. I believe the minds of people at large were never so well prepared to receive conviction of its truth, and its preference to the heart chilling doctrines of the self-styled orthodox, as at this time, provided it can be proclaimed and advocated by proper men in a suitable manner. Stability, permanency, and tone must be imparted by its advocates. I am requested, &c. * * * * If this be impracticable, please to make known our situation and wants to others.

As it respects compensation, it is rather matter of opinion than actual certainty, capable of great variation, by the causes above mentioned, especially the character of the man. But I believe the least sum that may be within our means will amount to five or six hundred dollars per annum, after the first of May next. Be so good as to give me an answer, with your opinion and advice, as soon as possible.

Yours Respectfully,

GEORGE DOWNER,

Secretary Third Universalist Society of New York City.

Being myself engaged, I commenced an intercession in behalf of Br. T. J. Sawyer, whom, after considerable hesitancy on account of his inexperience, they consented to employ, and he, as he has often expressed it, because he had no where else to go, consented to settle with them. In April following commenced the connexion between him and the Society which has, through the blessing of God, resulted in great good to the cause of truth and religion in this city.

For some months—more than a year, things remained in a most dubious condition. Mr. S. was not satisfied. He could see no better days coming. He staid for the same reason he had come, because he could find no where else to go. Fortunate for Universalism here that he could not. After a while a few faint rays of light appeared. February 17, 1831, he writes, "This morning the sky is clear, the atmosphere temperate, and I feel in better spirits. I have entered into an engagement with the Grand Street Society for another year, at a salary of \$600. I have also a prospect not less gratifying to you than to myself—of paying off my debts . . . I think my Society is pleased with me . . . Upon the whole, I have more than realized my most sanguine expectations. I know I am much indebted for this success," &c. Under date of August 26, 1831, he writes me, "Well, then, I will try my fortune here a few months longer. I fancy a revival is coming about. Last evening we had the first general meeting the city of New York has afforded for the last two years. It was not large, it is true, but made up of some 50 or 60 respectable individuals, who seemed to feel engaged in the cause, and to be anxious to advance its interests. The object of the meeting was to gain the opinions of our friends relative to a proposed religious publication amongst us. The 'Herald' has been defunct these five months. Mr. P. Price, of Norwalk, Ct., a gentleman of unexceptionable character, good talents, and by trade a printer, and withal, with \$2,000 or \$3,000 to invest, proposes publishing here a paper, to be called the 'Christian Messenger.' Our friends seem to think well of it. I have no doubt it will go."

The 'Messenger' was commenced a short time afterwards, and has continued unto the present day, witnessing to small and great the sublime doctrine of a world's salvation through a crucified Redeemer. It has been a most efficient means in helping to spread the knowledge of the truth, and giving permanency and character to Universalism in this city and vicinity. But, like the cause it espouses, it has passed through many and severe trials, all the while maintaining its integrity as a fearless defender of the faith. Mr. Price, its founder, continued to manage it for some sixteen years, and to keep it true to its original plan, and under every calamity to keep it from sinking, though it managed to sink all and more than he had invested in it. It is at present in a more prosperous condition.

W. S. B.

The Universalist Quarterly, Vol. V., No. 11.

The April number of the Quarterly contains seven articles, the first on Miracles and the Laws of Nature, by Rev. T. B. Thayer; the second on the Christian Doctrine of the Atonement, by the Rev. W. R. A.; the third on Dr. Bushnell and Christian Nurture, by Rev. D. Forbes; the fourth on Temptation, by Rev. H. Ballou; the fifth on Protestantism—Universalism in France, by Rev. T. B. Thayer; the sixth on the Genuineness and Truth of the Gospel History, by the Editor, and the seventh on Mont Blanc and the Alps, by Rev. A. Hichborn. Besides there are a few brief literary notices.

The first article is on a subject of great importance, and one in which liberal christians, at the present time, take a great interest. Many are taxing their ingenuity to the utmost, to disprove the miracles of the Bible. The theories on which they are opposed are entirely different from each other. But though they have different theories, the deniers of miracles seem to have a wonderful affinity, and are constantly cheering each other on in their labors. We ought to feel thankful, therefore, for every manly effort, wisely made, against the attacks of their rejecters. Hence we feel under great obligations to Br. Thayer, for his article. Though we do not think him fortunate in all his reasoning, he has presented some considerations of peculiar value. Those who are constantly talking of progress and development, think that the day will soon come when we can do miracles than Christ did. The folly of this visionary notion is thus happily exposed:

The laws of nature, as we have seen, are the only method in which the will of God acts to its purposed ends. It does not follow that a knowledge of these laws, or this method imparts power also. I may know the manner, or the law according to which God works; but it would be very hasty to conclude that I can therefore do the work which God does. Knowledge in this case is not power. For example; it may be granted that the raising of the dead is, in method, perfectly accordant with all the laws of spirit and body, and conformable to the established principles of their organic association, and the elements of physical life; and I may attain to a clear understanding of the process by which the spirit is reunited to the body—but with all this, the power to do the great work may be infinitely beyond my reach. Nothing is more obvious than the fact, that the knowledge of the manner in which the dead are raised, does not involve the power to raise the dead. The last is quite distinct from the first.

Again; I may by diligent study come to a knowledge of the law of attraction, by which the moon affects the rise and fall of the tides; but I cannot for this control the rise and fall of the tides, or adjust the moon's place so as to produce the results in question. So I may understand the process or law by which the elements might be restrained and a tempest suddenly reduced to a calm; but yet this knowledge might not be one step towards the possession of the power necessary to produce the desired equilibrium in the atmosphere—the power which could say to the winds and waves, "peace, be still," and be obeyed."

In accordance with this position, Br. Thayer shows, that Christ always claimed, that he wrought his miracles by the power of God, and not in consequence of any development of his nature. I will give a brief quotation:

"He makes no pretensions to any power of his own, inherent in him, as the necessary product of the regular and progressive development of his nature. He does not claim to do his works through force of his purity of his moral and spiritual perfection. He does not seem conscious of any miraculous energy, or extraordinary ability, springing from this source independently of all influence without or beyond himself."

So far from this, so far from claiming to work his miracles on any such ground, from any power inherent in himself; he distinctly and repeatedly disavows the idea, and refers all his power and his works directly to God, as the operative agent. There is scarcely a point in his whole life on which he is more explicit than on this. The citation of a few declarations to this effect, will abundantly justify the statement, and exhibit the true relation of Christ to his miracles, and the true relation of himself and his miracles to God.

"I can of mine own self do nothing." John, v. Is not this

a strange declaration if he felt the miracle his own? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do; for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things himself doeth; and he will show him greater works than these." Ver. 19, 20. "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." John xiv. In these passages Christ declares in the most emphatic and unqualified manner, that he does not the work of himself, or by his own power, but by the given power of God, who dwelleth in him. Nay, he goes so far as to say that it is not himself at all, but the Father that doeth the works in or through him. This is the fact we have endeavored to elucidate; that the miracle is not of the man, but of the will and infinite energy of God, who is the real author of the work; and that, therefore, no mere development of the powers and faculties of man, no human, moral or spiritual perfection, involves the power of performing such a work."

This part of the article is admirable, and is a complete refutation of the modern notion, which says, that men, when fully developed, will work miracles. We would not be understood as dissenting materially from any part of the article, though we cannot fully subscribe to the following:

If, then, this position may be regarded as established, it will be allowed that it would not be correct to say that a miracle is a violation of a law of nature. For, if the laws of nature are only the mode or rule of God's operations, the plan according to which he works out his purposed ends; then to call a miracle a violation of a law of nature, is equivalent to saying it is a violation of the plan of God. In point of fact, there can be no such thing as a violation of a law of nature, for it has no laws but the rule or manner of God's action. If it can be shown that God has performed a certain act, or done a certain work, then the way, the particular manner, in which the work was done, constitutes the law of nature for that particular work or occasion. If there is any truth or force in the reasoning which has preceded then this conclusion follows of necessity."

The object in this reasoning seems to be this. What are termed laws of nature are those arrangements by which all causes produce their effects. Gravitation, for instance, causes a body to fall; and an adequate force causes a body to move forward or upward, accordingly as it is applied. These arrangement are laws of nature. It is a law of nature that the sun shall shine, the earth turn upon its axis, and the seasons succeed each other in regular order. It is also a law of nature, that life shall be sustained by nutriment, and that when the poisonous food is eaten, illness shall ensue. When, therefore, anything is done contrary to an established arrangement, we say the law of nature is violated. All the miracles being in opposition to established laws, or not produced by their regular agency, we call them violations of the laws of nature. For instance, it is a law of nature, that the human body, when dead, shall remain cold and lifeless, and mingle with the dust. This law was violated when Lazarus, the widow's son, and Dorcas were raised from the dead. To say that the method by which they were raised was a law of nature because a mode of God's operation, is no proof that an established law was not violated. Besides, we doubt the propriety of calling that a law of nature, which belongs not to its ordinary operations; for whenever we speak of nature's laws, we mean those which belong to its regular arrangements. Anything that is produced, not within their sphere, and by an exertion of Divine power, not employed through them, is a miracle, not because it is more the effect of Divine power than ordinary results, but because it does not belong to the ordinary or established system of producing effects. The fact that the agencies employed in working a miracle may be in accordance with the properties of natural laws, does not render it any the less a miracle. If when sight was given to the blind, regard was had to the laws of vision, or if when five thousand were fed on a few loaves and fishes, food was produced by the

properties of the laws by which it ordinarily is, the results are none the less miraculous, inasmuch as the agencies employed were not used in the ordinary way. The ordinary arrangements are set aside—the established laws are violated.

There may, perhaps, be objections to the phrase *violations of the laws of nature*. It may be said that they are not violated; that they are only suspended by a superior law, the same as the law of inertia is suspended by the law of momentum, that when the dead were raised, the law of death was suspended by the superior power of the law of life. This does not change the case in the least; for in the ordinary operations of the law of nature, there is nothing to suspend the law of death, and if suspended, it must be by the exertion of a power which is not employed in the established system of nature. It is therefore wholly immaterial, whether we say a miracle violates or suspends a law of nature; it interrupts its operation, it infringes upon its regular action, and therefore, of its ordinary agency.

The second article is a very clear defence of the Universalist doctrine of atonement. It proves, most conclusively, the falsity of the vicarious theory.

The third article exhibits the views of Dr. Bushnell upon Christian Nurture. The Doctor is an eminent Orthodox clergyman of Hartford, Conn., of superior talents, high attainments, and great independence of mind. Various attempts have been made to keep him in the old tread-mill, but his bold and active mind wants liberty, and will have it. He seems determined to follow where truth leads, let his brethren say and do what they they will. We have watched his course with great interest, and we hope that his life and health will be spared to a good old age, that he may complete the mission in which he is engaged. He is no time-server, and has no timidity of soul; and by the position he occupies he can do more than any man living to bring his brethren out of the Egypt in which they are enslaved. Though he may not conduct them through the wilderness to Canaan, some Joshua will arise who will take them where he loves them, and guide them to the promised land. It is impossible that such absurdities as the trinity, vicarious atonement, total depravity, and endless misery should much longer retain their sway. The character and position of the Doctor give interest to this article.

The next article is from the pen of Father Ballou, and is upon temptation, its evil effects and their remedy. Temptation, he says, "considered in the abstract, it is the offer or promise of some desirable thing, on condition of stepping aside from known duty, to obtain it."

Speaking of the tempter, he says:

"Were we capable of fully knowing ourselves, and of surveying all our wants, all our passions, all our natural propensities, and appetites; and together with a clear view of all these, could we as clearly discover all the objects in any way adapted to them, it is believed we should very well understand the location of the tempter. We should, unquestionably, find him within the circle of our mental vision. But it is not believed that this tempter is a distinct, sentient being, but that he is composed of the action and force of all the above-named particulars; and dependent for his existence upon the imperfection of man."

Now that this tempter should be personified and called by a characteristic name, or names, is by no means inconsistent with propriety. One of the best scholars, whose writings we find in the Scriptures, and whose acquaintance with proper usage of language was not surpassed, has given to charity the various characteristics of a sentient being, [see 1 Cor. xii. 4, &c.]: "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth." No one supposes that the apostle was here speaking of a personal being. The Savior called Judas a devil, and applied the name Satan to Peter; because they sustained the character of an adversary."

The author next proceeds to answer this question—What gives the tempter the power he exerts? In reply to this, he says :

"Evidently this power comes from the elements which constitute him. It is the force of want, of desire, of appetite, of passion, together with the attractions of objects adapted to them. But here arises an important query : Is not the Creator the author of all these elements, of which we have spoken? and are they not all found in the constitution of man, and in those objects around us, which are adapted to our wants? All this must be allowed. Where then is the moral evil? Moral evil or sin is the result of deception. Remember, the woman said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." And St. Paul says—"The woman, being deceived, was in the transgression." And again ; [2 Cor. xi, 3.] he says, "But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve with his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." It is evident that transgression comes of deception, and consists in endeavoring to satisfy a natural, constitutional desire in a way forbidden. Our Creator has constituted us with no natural desires which may not be satisfied in a lawful way."

The article concludes by showing that knowledge is the cure of the disorder denominated sin. He says,

"Having found out the nature of this moral disorder, which is denominated sin; and having obtained an understanding of the nature of the cause by which it is produced, it becomes necessary to ascertain its cure, and the means of its application. This does not appear to be a difficult undertaking. The cure is the knowledge of the truth. Jesus says—"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That is, free from the bondage of sin. "Whoso committeth sin, is the servant of sin." If we knew with certainty that we could not avoid the evil of sin, if we commit it, we should not yield to temptation. If the deception, "Ye shall not surely die," could not be believed, we should escape. But the human mind seems ever at work to cherish and foster this deception : "Ye shall not surely die." God said to our first parents, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." And by Moses he said, he would not, "by any means clear the guilty." But temptation continues its beguiling influences with all people, old and young, male and female; and however startling it may seem, it is evidently a fact, that what, in all ages, and among all people, with few exceptions, has been believed to be a truth, in place of tending to banish the fatal deception, has given it efficient support."

The next article is one of much interest, and like everything from the pen of Br. Thayer, worthy of being carefully read.

The article entitled "The Gospel History; its Genuineness and Truth," is learned and able. As we have not room to speak of it as we desire, we will defer our notice of it till next week. The last article by Br. Hichborn is highly creditable. It is written with much care, and in good taste.

O. A. S.

Rev. A. W. McClure.

This gentleman is well known for his vulgar abuse of Universalists. He is one of the lowest and most scurrilous writers of the Orthodox Church. But Universalists are not the only people whom he denounces. See how he speaks of President Mahan, of the Oberlin College, Ohio, one of his own brethren. He says :

"He ought to be decorated with the honorary degree of Donkey Donkorum, from the University of Assford."

This disgraceful language is used merely because the President happens to differ from the McClure's Orthodoxy in one or two particulars. We are not surprised at his opposition to the President for he makes Christian perfection consist in love, a virtue for which Mr. McClure has but little fellowship. The course of Mr. McClure is much the same as that pursued by Origen Bachelder, who sought a living by defaming liberal Christians, and who, neglected by his brethren, and jaded by incessant warfare has recently sank to the grave unmourned and unhonored.

Explanation of John v: 28, 29.

"Marvel not at this for the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." The very great stress that has been laid upon this passage, in the argument in favor of future endless torments will justify us in a more extended notice of its import than was thought necessary in relation to the passages, before considered.

It is presumed that if the advocates of the popular view of the text, were called upon to select a passage from the Bible, that teaches their sentiments in unequivocal terms, there is not one that they would select in preference to this; and while we accord to them the most perfect sincerity in the views that they entertain, we ask of them as our right, the credit of equal sincerity in doubting the correctness of their views. For, notwithstanding the unjust aspersions that are sometimes cast upon our motives, we say and we challenge contradiction on this point, that of all other men under heaven, Universalists have the strongest motives to be honest. We know as well as do our opposers, that if our views are false, there is no chance for us, and we would not, therefore, run the tremendous hazard, without the most full and satisfactory assurance, that we have truth on our side. We say then that this circumstance ought to be taken as conclusive evidence of our sincerity. But our opposers, it is manifest, have no such motive to be honest in their opinions. They virtually confess this when they boast, as they frequently do, that though they believe that which is erroneous and false, and preach it, they are safe in doing so. Thus a very strong inducement is offered to act the hypocrite in these matters, too strong, we fear, for many minds to resist.

But while we claim credit for sincerity in the views which we offer, we would, by no means, urge this as an argument in favor of the correctness of these views. This point can only be determined by an appeal to the testimony of the written word. We invite the readers' candid attention, then while we proceed to set forth in as brief a manner as may be found practicable, some of our reasons for rejecting the common popular construction of the passage, and for adopting a widely different view of the subject.

It is assumed, by those who urge this text, in proof of the doctrine of endless suffering, that it relates to the final resurrection, or that which shall introduce the subjects into the immortal state.

1. To this we object, because, clearly enough to our minds, the context forbids such an application of it. It appears that it was spoken by our Savior in a conversation with the Jews occasioned by the extraordinary miracle of healing the impotent man. In this conversation he took occasion to make a distinct declaration of the power that had been conferred upon him, in these words : "For as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will," see verse 21. If there could be any doubt as to what kind of death is spoken of, it would be at once removed by considering what is stated in the verses following, particularly, the 24 and 25, which read as follows. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." Dr. Clark paraphrases the last quoted verse thus : "The hour now is, when many who are dead in trespasses and sins, shall hear the voice (the word) of the Son of God, and receive spiritual life, through him." I then it be conceded, as we think it must be, that the spiritual

ly dead are spoken of in this part of the discourse, and that consequently, a moral or spiritual resurrection, and that alone is referred to we ask, for the authority for saying that another kind of death and resurrection are spoken of in the verses immediately following, when no intimation whatever is given of a change in the subject of discourse?

The Jews it seems marvelled at the assertion that some should be raised to spiritual life through Christ, but he tells them not to marvel at this, for what he had asserted of those that heard his words, was true of all. "The hour is coming," i. e., approaching, near at hand, when this event shall take place with all that are in their graves. Such appears to us to be the plain import of the words, and it will require clearer and stronger evidence, than has ever yet been produced to convince us that our Lord suddenly and abruptly left the subject of a spiritual death, and resurrection of which he was speaking, and went to that of a literal death and resurrection, without any intimation of such a change of subject." We are aware of a very plausible objection that will be made to the view we have taken of the matter, and that is, that the text speaks of those who "are in their graves," which was not the case with those previously mentioned, in connection, and further, that the spiritually dead, are never spoken of as in this manner. This we know has been frequently asserted, but we are happily enabled to show, one instance at least, in which the spiritually dead are thus spoken, and where a spiritual resurrection, is represented as coming out of the grave. See Ezekiel, 37 : 12. "Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel." Another argument in favor of understanding this passage to relate to a moral, or spiritual resurrection, rather than to the resurrection in a literal sense, may be drawn from the parallel passage in Daniel. 12: 2. "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." The similarity between the phraseology of this passage and that in John, shows that they relate to the same subject, and so we find in the marginal references in all our Bibles, that the two are referred to as parallel passages. If then we can ascertain the event to which one refers, we shall at the same time determine to what the other refers. Now, by comparing Daniel 12, 1st and 11th, with Matt. 24 : 15 and 21, we find that the subject of discourse, in both chapters, is the same, and our Savior has explicitly declared in the 34th verse of the 24th of Matt. to what period they refer, in these words, "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." We may be as certain of this then as we can be of any thing, that whatever the text may mean, it had its fulfillment more than eighteen hundred years ago.

As we have already extended these remarks to a greater length than we intended, we must defer such further observations as we have to make upon this interesting subject, until next week.

S. C. B.

Sabbath School Concert.

The Sabbath School connected with the Universalist Society at Williamsburgh, gave a concert at the new Church in that place, on Thursday evening of last week. This school is under the charge of Br. G. L. Demerest who has no superior as a Sunday School Superintendent. The Concert was excellent. The children appeared remarkably well, and the admirable style in which they sang, gave ample proof that they had been thoroughly trained. The Concert gave the highest satisfaction. Great praise is due to Br. D. for his faithful services. His school is in a highly prosperous condition.

Capital Punishment in Maine.

The recent conviction of Dr. Coolidge of the murder of Mr. Mathews, has called forth the following letter from Prof. Upham, on the law in Maine relative to capital punishment. We are glad that the law is such as to render it almost certain that Coolidge will not be executed. He is, no doubt, guilty, but we do not believe him the only guilty man connected with the murder. We read, with great care, the testimony given at his trial; and the only direct testimony was that of a witness, who if he swore truly, had in some of the preliminary examinations fearfully perjured himself. Besides, his testimony at the trial was, in some respects, altogether unreasonable, not in accordance with all the facts, and not sufficiently confirmed by circumstances. His word would have no weight with us, and we would receive his testimony no farther than it was corroborated by circumstances about which there would be no mistake. A witness in whose veracity a jury has no confidence, may make disclosures, and explain things that are dark, and so connect events, as to be of important service in ascertaining the truth. We do not think however, that this witness did this; his story looks to us like one told to convict Coolidge, rather than to reveal the whole truth; parts of it are improbable, if not impossible; they do not suit the circumstances, and when taken as a whole, and connected with all the other testimony, there is still left a mystery hanging about the tragedy; a mystery so great that the executioner should not do his work until it is solved. The existence of the law in Maine in regard to executions is a most fortunate circumstance. We copy the letter from the Prisoners' Friend.

LAW OF MAINE.

REV. C. SPEAR:

Dear Sir—The law of the State of Maine, which forbids the execution of persons under sentence of death, until the expiration of a year from the time of sentence, was passed in 1837. It was retained in the Revised Statutes enacted in 1840. It has been in operation, therefore, about eleven years. The criminal cannot be executed until the expiration of a year. And at the end of the year the course of proceeding is not very definitely pointed out in the law; but I believe it is generally understood, especially as provision is made in the law for keeping the criminal at hard labor, as long as he is permitted to live, to be left to the Governor to decide, whether he shall be executed or not at that time, or at any subsequent time. The law is peculiarly constructed, but no person has as yet been executed under it. Probably no one will be.

I took the liberty to show your letter to Mr. Everett, of this town, a distinguished lawyer, and one of the State Commissioners appointed in 1840, to revise the Statutes. I examined the law with him. The following is the section relating to executions. "And no person so sentenced and imprisoned, shall be executed in pursuance of such sentence, *within one year*, from the day such sentence was passed, nor until the whole record of such proceedings or case shall be certified by the clerk of said Court under the seal thereof, to the supreme executive authority of the State, nor until a warrant shall be issued by said executive authority, under the great seal of the State, directed to the sheriff of the county wherein the state prison shall be situated, commanding the sheriff to cause the said sentence of death to be carried into execution."

There is another law, which provides for the commutation of punishment. The Governor has the right, with advice of the Council, to commute the punishment of death for that of imprisonment for life. Whenever this is done, the right to order to execution of course ceases. I have heard the opinion frequently expressed, and it seems to me with much reason, that Capital Punishment, although it still has a place in the Statute book, is practically abolished in the State of Maine.

I remain, respectfully yours,

THOMAS C. UPHAM.

CYCLOPEDIA OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES, by Rev. K. Arvine, A. M. with an introduction by Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., New York; Leavitt, Trow & Co. 191 Broadway—1848.

Rev. C. F. R. Shehane.

We have good tidings of this Brother. We hear that he is not only able, but indefatigable, working constantly with zeal in the cause of Christ. The following letter from the Trumpet will be read with satisfaction by all who rejoice in the fidelity of our ministers:

BURNT CORN, ALA., March 31, 1848.

Br. WHITTEMORE:

My object in writing to you is to inform you that the books you sent to Br. Shehane are doing great good for our cause in this section of country. Br. Shehane is circulating them far and wide. I assure you that he is a wholesouled, thorough-going little man; he fears no opposition, but stands square up to his belief; and he is, by the way, a very smart man, and it is acknowledged by all that I have heard speak of him that he has the most perfect knowledge of the Bible of any man that has ever preached in Alabama. I purchased a choice lot of the books with which I am well pleased.

Yours truly,
JOHN GREEN.

Rev. Mr. Bellows.

This gentleman, Pastor of the Church of Divine Unity, has embarked for Europe. During his absence his pulpit will be supplied by Rev. Mr. Briggs, late of Plymouth, Mass., Mr. Briggs also takes charge of the Christian Inquirer. In his valedictory, Mr. Bellows intimates that he shall not again assume the charge of the paper, and that hereafter it will be less devoted to controversy, and more to the general interests of Unitarianism.

Removals.

Br. A. W. Mason has removed from So. Adams to Cheshire, Mass. The Society in Cheshire are building a meeting-house, which they intend to have ready for dedication the coming Autumn.

Br. Alfred Peck has removed from North Adams Mass., to Binghamton, N. Y.

Br. A. Abbott has taken the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in Sandwich, Mass., and wishes to be addressed at that place.

Resignation of Br. Davis.

We learn that Br. A. A. Davis has resigned the pastoral charge of the Society at Glens Falls, in this State. We regret to learn that he was impelled to this step by the state of his health, which is such as to prevent his attending to the duties of the pulpit at present.

Six Months.

In order that none may have a right to complain of the extra charge of 50 cents, which will be due from those who do not pay within six months from the time of subscribing, we repeat the intimation that the time for advance pay has nearly expired. Money may be paid either to our agents, or sent to us by mail as may be most convenient for subscribers. The name of our agent in Philadelphia is James L. Gihon 36 Market st., not Gibson as erroneously printed in a former number.

Wilder's Safe.

This superior article, manufactured by Herring, of this city, has recently had another trial of its ability to resist fire. The Mercantile Journal of Boston says:—

"We learn that the contents of two of Wilder's iron safes, which were in the rooms occupied by Damrell & Moore, were found to be in a perfect state of preservation, this morning. Besides books and papers, some three thousand in money was deposited in them yesterday afternoon, all of which was found to be safe."

Union Dedication

Our excellent brother Quincy, of Taunton, Mass., gives an account in the last week's Trumpet of a dedication in East Bridgewater, Mass. He says

"The old Church in West Bridgewater, Mass., built in 1801, belonging to the Universalists and Unitarians, has recently undergone a thorough renovation in its inner arrangements and finish. The lower part of the building has been taken for a Town Hall—the upper portion for a Church, and finished somewhat similar to the Universalist Meeting House in Cambridgeport. The exterior has also been newly painted and much improved in its appearance. I was present at the dedication, which took place on the 6th inst. (Fast Day,) and was much pleased with the good work which that Christian people has accomplished for itself in this worthy undertaking. It is what was needed years ago. The old Church was high posted, and exceedingly uncomfortable both to speaker and to hearer. A year since, I stood in its desk, which was a little box so high that I was nearly out of sight and hearing of the people, and tried to preach. It was painful to behold the hearer, seated in the vicinity of the pulpit, as he endeavored to turn his face up to the speaker. Eyes in the top of his head would have been exactly in place then. The old adage, that every generation is wiser than the preceding, is strikingly verified in the re-construction of this old 'temple.' The finish and arrangement of the new Church are really excellent. I have scarcely ever seen more beautiful painting. The pulpit is just what it should be for the house—not over-rich, but tasty and elegant. The Church is carpeted throughout, and the Orchestra furnished with the best reed Organ I have ever heard."

Rev. Mr. Clapp's Sermon.

We publish, this week, an admirable sermon from the pen of Rev. T. Clapp of New Orleans. It is a bold and able production, and we know that our readers will peruse it with great pleasure. We thank Mr. Clapp for his Sermon. It will do a vast amount of good to the cause of truth.

New Publications.

THE SEAMSTRESS, a guide to plain and fancy needlework, baby linen, Millinery and Dressmaking, Embroidery and Lace-work. Knitting, Netting Crotchet-work and Tatting, with numerous illustrations. Such is the title of a neat little volume recently received from the Publishers, J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. As we do not profess an acquaintance with the various branches treated of in this work, we must defer judgment upon it until we have an opportunity to consult some of our lady readers, as to its merits.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for April has been received and is filled with its usual variety of useful and entertaining reading.

We have received through the kindness of the Publisher, Br. J. M. Usher of Boston, a copy of a new work for Sabbath Schools, entitled, Lessons About Prayer, by Julia, 55 pages. The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee that it is excellent, both in manner and spirit.

THE LOST CHILDREN, a Temperance Tale, No. 3, by T. S. Arthur.—Such is the title of a neat little pamphlet, recently published by Oliver & Brother, corner of Nassau and Fulton St., who are believed to be doing good service in the temperance cause, by these and similar publications.

GRAHAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for May, has made its appearance in season, filled with its usual variety of excellent and entertaining matter. The present number is embellished with a fine mezzotint likeness of Gen. Worth, and other engravings. Published by Wm. H. Graham, Tribune buildings New York.

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.—Parts 43 and 44 of this superb Bible have been received. The engravings are very beautiful. One is, "Moses Smitten the Rock," the other "The Garden of Gethsemane." Price per number 25 cts.

State Sunday School Association.

HERKIMER, April 14, 1848.

The New York State Universalist Sunday School Association will hold its next Annual Session in the village of Watertown, Jefferson County, on Tuesday, the 30th of May, 1848.

According to the present Constitution of said Association, each Universalist Sunday School in the State is entitled to two delegates. These, together with the Pastors of Universalist Societies having Sunday Schools, compose the Council of said Association. It is hoped that all the Schools in the State will see to it in due season, appoint their delegates, (appoint such as will attend, too) and send them to the Association, prepared to give a full report of the respective Schools which they represent. Only thirteen Schools were, last year, represented, and some of those had but one representative. Reports were received from only sixteen Schools, being four less than the previous year.

Now, friends of the Sunday School cause, this should not be the case. Send your delegates; but if you cannot send them, do by all means send full reports of your Schools, the number of scholars, average attendance—number of teachers, average attendance, and the number of volumes in the Library, &c. It is a fact worthy of remark, that of only eleven full reports received last year, six of that number came from New York City, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh—owing, undoubtedly, to a great extent, to the labors and exertions of our good and faithful Brother, G. L. Demarest, who wants these matters well attended to. It is hoped that all will feel a deeper interest in the Sunday School cause than they have heretofore. It is highly necessary that the coming session should be well attended, for some action will be taken on a resolution now on the table, relative to an alteration of the Fourth Article of the Constitution. Let us, therefore, have a full attendance.

B. J. M. Austin was, last year, appointed to deliver the Occasional Address before this body, which will take place on Thursday morning, June 1st.

Come, fathers and mothers, with your sons and your daughters, and listen to the Address, for it will, undoubtedly, be an excellent one.] J. H. HARTER, Recording Sec'y.
Will the "Sentinel," and "Magazine and Advocate" please copy?

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE DEATH OF DAY.

BY MISS A. A. MORTON.

A child rose up in the sable east,
With a bright and glowing eye;
And clasped a shield of gold on his breast,
As he hastened o'er the way.

A rose mantle was round his form,
All spangled with rays so bright;
And 'round his head by the zephyrs borne,
Were wreaths of silvery light.

Each flowret opened its tiny cup,
As he passed in beauty by;
While the dew-drops rose like diamond up,
'Neath the glances of his eye.

And as he roamed through the ether blue,
With glory his footsteps beamed,
While his mantle seemed of a brighter hue,
As the sunlight on it gleamed.

On, on! through the boundless fields of space,
He hied in his swift career;
Till time with his dim and sombre face,
Betokened that death was near.

Then bowing his form in the golden west,
On his dying couch he lay;
And calmly in silence sank to rest;
The fair and beauteous Day.

Then, clad in her mourning garb came Night,
With many a dewy tear;
And the stars shone out all pure and bright,
Like tapers around his bier.

But while young Night in her beauty wept,
For him who was dead and gone;
His joyous spirit its virgins kept,
In the sunny realms of morn.

April, 1848.

A Sketch from Life.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life,
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it, are betrayed: for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music, and the grass
Sends up its modest odor, with the dew;
Like the small tribute of humanity."

The delicious morning, with its glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our most gifted countrymen, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, "in the days that are gone." I well remember how the sense of that morn's exceeding loveliness burned my heart with a sweet weight—and how at last, flinging aside the dull book which I had been attempting to study, I caught my light sunbonnet, and bounded out of the house, which outward bloom and beauty had suddenly rendered prison-like. I then turned my steps towards a fine old mansion, the home of a very lovely girl, who had been endeared to me by years of constant and intimate intercourse. Of late there had been formed a new tie to bind our hearts—she had become the betrothed of "a favorite cousin," and the engagement was a joyful event to all concerned.

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glidest before me, in thy soft ethereal loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime! With thy form of lily-like grace, tall and fragile—

"With thy young head's shining bands,
And all its waving curls of gold."—

with thine eyes of softest violet, and thy cheek of delicate rose-bloom.

"I must think of thee
Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long,
A young, glad creature, with a lip of song,
An eye of radiance and a soul of glee—
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June."

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an exalted, yet a most loveable character—an embodiment of intellect, manliness, faithful affections and fervent piety. He was a young student of divinity—had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of a year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared! "Twas passing strange"—our worldly ones wondered at, and our sewing circle gossiped about the matter, for a month or two, and then the ruffled tide of our village flowed on as usual. But I was on my way to pay Annie a morning visit. William Gordon had called the night before, to bid us adieu, as he was to be absent for many months, and I thought his betrothed might need a little cheering up.

I found her sitting at her work, as usual, and but a slight tremulousness of the voice, and a glistening of the long-brown eye-lash, told of the painful parting which had just taken place.

"When will William return?" I presently inquired.
"In May—little less than a year."

"And then?"

"And then we are to be married—so hold yourself in readiness to be my bridesmaid!"

The summer passed—a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil, with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love, on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity. Our dear Annie, while on a night visit to a dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm—took cold—ah, does not my reader anticipate the mournful consequence? Her mother and elder sisters had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was on her blue-veined brow, and the very grave sounding in the hollow cough which shook her fragile frame! We knew that she must die, and she, unlike many consumptives, knew it also, yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth. She wrote to him that she *had been ill*—was still suffering from debility; but that he must not be troubled about it, nor painfully surprised by her changed appearance, when he should return in the spring. Not one word of the dread, last parting before them—of the grave, which might

“Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,
To repose in its bosom, his beautiful bride.”

At length May came round again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to the earth by the great and unlooked for affliction which awaited him—yet meekly drank he the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth—growing more and more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place. Annie's friends readily assented, but she, to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the mournful request of her broken-hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side, as she was half reclining on a couch; the hectic flush was more startling bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day, and as he thought how very neat might be the dark wing of God's dread angel, he took her wasted hand in his, and said—

“Oh, my Annie, let me call you wife, before you leave me! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in Heaven. Refuse me not, love!”

“Oh, William. William, urge me no longer,” she replied, “it must not, cannot be. I am the bride of Heaven, you must not be my husband, and hear me, dearest, you must no longer be near me—your love is precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels, heard in my dreams of Heaven! We must part, now—for every hour renders you dearer, and how can I leave you at last!”

With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke that mistaken girl—mistaken, for a pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for his presence who “is love.”

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and

“In close heart shutting up his pain,”

resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned and was gone! Annie buried her face in her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of pain and grief. Then came vague regrets for the course she had taken, and painful doubts of the necessary sacrifice she had made. Presently she heard a well-known step—William had returned! His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly—

“If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart, before I go—it will give me strength.”

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbing like a child, she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their spirits, as the fountains of the soul's great deep were broken up. Yes, silent, but not fearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last he raised his eyes heavenward, and those thin lips moved in whispered prayer—he unwound his arms and would have risen, but Annie moved not—she was clinging to his breast! A smile of joy irradiated his mournful face, and his arms once again enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief,

“Are you not stronger, dear William?”

“Ah, I fear not my love.”

“This is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours.”

“Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength! I must never leave you, Anpie.”

“Never!”

The morning of the wedding day had come, and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a muslin, guiltless of ribbons or lace. I wished to twine in her hair, a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's—but she gently put it from me.

“What, no ornaments?” I inquired.

“None,” she replied—“but yes—if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white-rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair.”

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek! When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side, and supported her. She smiled sadly as she whispered—“You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid.”

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church,) proceeded, the face of the bride, became alternately of earthly and of heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew absolutely adorable.

At last she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

It was morning—a morning born of bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing, it seemed

“Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth,
And melting in a covenant of love.”

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her doting father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet, sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, but she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured,

“Pray once again my beloved—it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight; but place your hand upon my heart that you may know when I am gone.”

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint-like submission and child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend, to her Savior and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrations of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused—her heart had ceased to beat. His brow became convulsed and his voice was low and tremulous, as he added, “She has left us, oh, our Father, she is with Thee now!”

“Gone! our Annie dead!” exclaimed poor, little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face he stretched his arms upward and cried—“Oh sister come back to us, come back!”

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest by her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard, and a few months after I took her favorite rose-tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be said a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India: On the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in the heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart and return again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud, very like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at that second bridal, when she was wedded to the dust—and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this, and placed it in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching remainder of a shore to which he hasteneth, an unfading clime where

liveth the rose of love, in the bloom of immortality—in the sun-light of God's smile.

I, too, am far away from her grave, but I know, almost to a day, when that rose-tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say—another bud is unfolding over her rest—how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze!—and at evening, how the starlight trembles around it, and how sweetly sleeps the cool dewdrop in its glowing heart.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

SPRING.

Affectionately Inscribed to the Juvenile Readers of the Messenger and Ambassador.

Spring's advancing! Spring's advancing!

With its sunny, joyous hues;
With its bird-notes so enchanting,
And its beauteous buds and flowers.

Each young heart to joy awaking,
Feels an impulse, fresh and true,
As the Spring in glory breaking,
Brings its treasures to the view.

By the brook-side let us wander,
Hear its murmur clear, yet low;
Telling us to nightly ponder,
As along life's path we go,

On the duties which may meet us,
On the love we owe our friends;
On the friendship which shall greet us,
'Till life's mortal mission ends.

Here's a shady nook, inviting
Weary footsteps to repose;
Here the poet-heart, delighting
In the zephyr as it blows,

In the flowers around him springing,
In the birds' sweet, wild-wood notes,
Might imagine he was winging
Where celestial music floats!

Here, on mossy seat reclining,
'Neath this grum, umbrageous tree;
Let us banish all repining,
Search for joys that never flee;

Thank our Father for the beauty
Lavish'd free on all things here;
Ask of Him the way of duty,
Till we reach a holier sphere!

Millington, Conn., March, 1848.

LOUISA.

Original

Mary Morton—or, The Lent Book.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said Mrs. Morton, as her little girl entered the room with a book in her hand, her face bedewed with tears.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, sobbing as if her heart would break, "Caroline Austin has given me back the book which I lent her, my dear Sabbath School Annual, saying her mother will not let her read it. She says her mother tells her it is a bad Universalist book; and that father and you believe what is very dangerous, indeed; and though Carrie wanted to read it much, her mother told her to return it immediately. I could hardly keep from crying all school-time, I felt so bad about it."

"Did Mrs. Austin read it?" enquired Mary's mother.

"Oh, no, mother," said Mary, "I only lent it to her this morning, and she brought it back to me this afternoon."

"How could she know, then, it was such a dangerous book?" said Mrs. Morton.

"I do not know," said the little girl.

"Well," said Mrs. Morton, "it was not right for Mrs. Austin to decide so hastily about the book, but, Mary, we will forget it, and endeavor to live in such a manner, that they may see we wish to do right. And now, my child, be affectionate as ever to Carrie, and if she wishes to lend you any books, bring them home, and we will read them before they are returned."

Mary, however, the more she thought of it, did feel indignant that her parents should be spoken against, and especially that her favorite book, with its stories, and pictures, and poetry, which she enjoyed so highly, should be deemed unfit to read. Her mother reasoned with her, told her how differently Mrs. Austin had been instructed in religious matters, from what she had been herself, and that she might really have considered it her duty to have the book returned.

"But if she had only read it," said Mary, "she would have loved it so much."

"I am fearful, then, it would have seemed very dangerous to her," said Mrs. Morton, with a smile. "Come, Mary, dry your eyes, and read a little to me out of your favorite book, now that baby is asleep."

"Yes, I will," said Mary. "Ah, here is a piece that is just the thing. It begins—"

Now list thee, dearest mother,
Now list thee unto me;
My little brother slumbers,
Then let me talk with thee.
But put thine arm around me,
And lay thy cheek to mine—
I think how much I love thee,
When it is pressed to thine."

"How true it is. And it seems to describe my pleasant walk among the trees, and by the brook; and mother, every time I read it, I love to think of God, who made everything so beautiful, and I love you, and father, and Charley so much better, and every body. And I love Mrs. Austin, too, although just now I felt very angry with her."

Poor Mary! She had just taken a lesson from the prejudice and bigotry of the world; but she forgot all trouble when her little brother awoke, and she could hear his merry laugh, and catch a glimpse of his blessed blue eyes. To be sure, when she got up the next morning her first thought was of Carrie, and the rejected book; but she made up her mind to be kind and affectionate to her young friend, as her mother had recommended.

Mr. Morton was a near neighbor to Mr. Austin, and the families had lived on apparently very friendly terms, although Mr. Morton's Universalism was considered heretical and dangerous. But although in that section, they were alone in the faith of the world's salvation, he and his wife were not ashamed or afraid to avow their religious principles. Nor could the most zealous of their neighbors bring aught against their moral characters. The children had always attended the same school, and one night as Mary was telling about the book her father had bought her, and its sweet stories and poetry, Caroline asked her to lend it to her. Mary accordingly carried it to school the next morning, and when Caroline went home to dinner, she took the book with her, and showed it to her mother, telling her that Mary had lent it to her. Mrs. Austin took the book from her daughter's hand, gave it one glance of pious horror, and told Caroline to return it to Mary in the afternoon. Carrie was very much astonished when she found out the book was so bad, and that Mr. and Mrs. Morton believed in such an error. She and Mary had always been intimate, but the next morning as Mary came into the school-room and seated herself by Caroline, she was hurt to perceive how coldly she was treated. Now Mary was one of the most loving and sensitive of little girls, and while she was looking out places on the map, or studying, or writing, the hot tears would roll down her cheeks at the thought of her friend's coldness towards her. What a relief it was to pour her sorrows into the sympathizing ear of her mother. Mrs. Morton told her, still to be kind as usual to Caroline, and, after a while, all would come out right. But Mary was doomed to still more severe trials; for the children all avoided her; why, they could not very definitely have told.

They had been told by Caroline of the awful book which Mary had lent her, and although they did not know what it was, or why they must not be friendly to Mary, still, the old friendship was broken, and she and her parents were looked upon with distrust.

"There is no one in the school who loves me but the teacher," said Mary, as she came home from school, one night, "and I cannot bear it, mother, I cannot go to school any longer." The tears choked the child's utterance; she could say no more. Mrs. Morton sympathized deeply with her daughter, but she felt that eventually all would be clear and bright again, and she wished to inspire Mary with the same hope.

"But, mother, how cruel it was, when Carrie slipped down on the ice, and I ran and offered to help her up, and then she said she wanted none of my help."

"It was, my daughter; and now, as I am very busy, will you not read a few chapters here, which I have just selected."

Mary complied, and as she read of the agony in Gethsemane's dark garden; of the buffetings, the insult, and the scorn which were heaped upon the crown-thorned Jesus, her heart melted and she said

"Mother, I will bear not to have Carrie love me, and I will try and be pleasant to all."

Still Mary had many lonely sad seasons at school, but it was so bright and pleasant at home, that there she forgot all trouble. Months rolled by, and in the house of Mr. Austin there was sorrow, for their only child was dangerously sick of an infectious disease. Friends and neighbors "stood afar off," fearful of entering the sick chamber, except that kind-hearted sympathising Mrs. Morton and Mary, who were daily by the couch of sickness, imparting their friendly aid. After a tedious sickness, Carrie was once more restored to the blessings of light and health. She was very weak though, and had not yet ventured out among the birds and blossoms. And who was near her? Her friend Mary, actually reading that dreadful book, the cause of so many sad hours to her. She was reading too, with the full approbation of Mrs. Austin, who was an attentive listener. How sincerely they asked Mary's pardon for their unkindness to her; and Caroline even sent for all the school-girls, and told them of Mary's kindness to her, and of Mrs. Morton's watching and taking care of her, and besought them to love Mary as before.

And Mrs. Austin is a different woman from what she was before her daughter's sickness. The veil of prejudice has fallen from her eyes; and she now sees a beauty and a fitness in the despised doctrine of Universalism. The kindness and forbearance of Mrs. Morton and the gentleness of Mary had their reward. In talking over the subject, Mary said

"It is bright and clear, mother, as you foretold. I will ever try and be kind to those who treat me unkindly; for if I had done as I at first wished, and returned evil for evil, I should not now have been so very happy."

LOUISA.

Willington, Conn., April, 1848.

Learning to Read.

A SHORT STORY IN SHORT WORDS.

"Do you know how to read, Frank?" said Jane, a nice good girl, six years old, to a small boy, who was but four years old.

"No, I do not know how to read; I wish I could learn," said Frank. "I can spell some hard words, but I cannot think how it is that you make out to read."

"Well, I will tell you now," said Jane. "Just spell the words as you see them in the book, and when you have spelt them, speak them out loud. Look at this book, and tell me what you see there."

Frank took the book, and said,

"I see an A first; and then comes b, o, y, boy."

"That is right, but spell boy in your own mind, and then speak it out loud. Now go on."

Frank went on and read as he was bid. He was quite slow, but still he made it out.

"A boy, whose name was Tom, had a hat too big for his head; so to make it fit, he put in it some white wool. He wore the hat to school. When he got there it was late, and he did not think of the wool that he had put in his hat, but took off the hat and hung it on a peg in the hall, and went into the school room. The wool staid on the top of his head, and looked like a white wig. The boys laughed so loud that the man who kept the school looked to see what ailed them, and when he saw the wool on the head of Tom, he laughed too, and said, "Why, Tom, where did you buy your new white wig?"

Tom then thought how he had put the wool in his hat, and blushed as red as a rose. Then he said, in a mild, sweet way, "Oh, sir, my head was too small for my hat. I hope I shall soon have more brains to fill it out with, and then I shall not need the wool."

Jane was so much pleased when Frank had read all this, that she ran to tell of it, and said, "I have told Frank how to read, ma, and he reads quite well."

Memoranda for the Boys.

Seven classes of company to be avoided:

1. Those who ridicule their parents, or disobey their commands.
2. Those who profane the Sabbath, or scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane and filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulties with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those of a cruel disposition; who take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals and insects, and robbing birds of their young.

Agricultural Department.

From the Olive Branch.

Seed Grain.

By paying particular attention to the selection of seed grain, the farmer will find himself better remunerated for his trouble and expense, than by any other employment or labor on his farm. While we are ready to confess that the quality of the soil, the quantity and quality of manure applied, and extra cultivation, have a most decided influence, yet there can be no question that the quality of manure applied, and extra cultivation, have a most decided influence, yet there can be no question that the quality of the grain is also of great consequence. Can there be any doubt that the seed that ripens earliest in the ear, is the most eligible for seed?

A farmer in New England, a few years since, was in the practice of selling, annually, large quantities of seed wheat. It was of a superior quality, remarkably heavy and prolific, and was almost universally regarded as a new variety. But it was ascertained, on investigation, that it had attained its high degree of excellency, simply by selecting the best developed and fullest kernels for the purpose of propagation, to the exclusion of those of an inferior character. And it is reasonable to believe that all grains may be equally improved in the same way.

It has been truly remarked that sufficient care is not bestowed by cultivators upon this important subject, and that the quality of the seed planted deserves their care and attention, as well as the other parts of it. "I hesitate not to say," remarks an able author, "that my agricultural friends can better afford to pay five dollars the bushel for some seed wheat, than to take other kinds as a gift." And it is so precisely in reference to most of the other grains and esculents cultivated in the Garden and on the farm.

Indian corn, as multitudes of practical men can testify, depends in a great measure upon the kind of seed planted. But the business of selection must be attended to while the grains are growing, as it is then only that a true and perfectly reliable estimate can be predicated in reference to the value of any part of the crop for seed. As this is a matter of primary importance, we think farmers cannot accord too much attention to it, especially those who cultivate for the markets, where every production, whether grain or esculent, commands ordinarily, a price precisely in the ratio of its excellence.

Spade Cultivation.

Except on a very limited scale, we in this country know but little either of the "modus operandi," or the benefits of spade cultivation.

Professor Coleman, in some very valuable observations upon this method of tillage, published in his European tour, instances the case of one person who succeeded in deriving ample support for himself, wife, and son, from two acres of land, or which he paid an annual rent of \$45 60. Besides doing his, he succeeded, in seven years, in economising a sufficient sum from the produce of his land, to purchase two acres at \$144 to 192 per acre. He also mentions another instance, where six acres, under spade cultivation, gave an average of fifty-two bushels to an acre.

In old countries where the labor is cheap in consequence of the density of the population, cultivation by the spade is probably the cheapest method that can be adopted; but in this country it would be attended with great expense, although if one could afford it, its adoption would unquestionably prove highly beneficial to the soil.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Moses Ballou will supply the desk at the Apollo Saloon next Sunday morning and evening.

ORCHARD STREET CHURCH.—Br. O. A. Skinner will preach the third of his series of Sermons on Christianity and the Sciences, on Sunday morning next.

Br. A. Moore will preach in Trenton next Sunday (23d instant) at 11 A. M., and at 7 in the evening.

Services in the Several Churches of New York and Vicinity.

SECOND SOCIETY.—Church in Orchard street, between Broome and Delancey streets. Services A. M. at 10 1-2 o'clock, P. M. at 3 o'clock. Conference meeting Friday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock Pastor, Rev. O. A. SKINNER. Residence 73 Orchard street.

THIRD SOCIETY.—Church in Bleecker street, corner of Downing. Services at 10 1-2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Conferences every Tuesday evening in the Lecture room, at 7 o'clock. Pastor, Rev. Wm. S. BALCH. Residence 728 Greenwich St.

FOURTH SOCIETY.—Services in the Apollo Saloon, Broadway, at 10 1-2 A. M. and 7 P. M. No stated Pastor.

FIFTH SOCIETY.—Church in Fourth street, between Avenues B. and C. Services 3 P. M., and 7 in the evening. Conference every Wednesday, at 7 P. M. Pastor, Rev. Z. BAKER. Residence 172 Avenue A.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY.—Church corner of Fulton and Pineapple streets. Services at 10 1-2 A. M., and 7 in the evening. Conference in the vestry, adjoining the church on Pineapple street, Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. Pastor, Rev. T. B. THAYER. Residence No. 9. Willoughby Street.

WILLIAMSBURGH SOCIETY.—Church, Fourth street, corner of South Third. Services at 10 1-2 A. M., and 7 1-2 P. M. Conference Thursday evening, at private houses. Pastor, Rev. HENRY LYON. Residence 67 South Fourth street, near Fourth.

Teachers' Union Association.

A regular meeting of the Teachers' Union Association will be held on Monday evening, April 24, 1848, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Without perseverance no undertaking can be accomplished. The responsibilities of teachers as such, should ever be present and foremost in our hearts.

To gain a correct knowledge of a teacher's duties, we should be faithful attendants at these meetings.

By Order, EDWARD J. SMALL, Sec'y.

Philadelphia Association of Universalists.

The next Annual Session of this body will be held in the Vestry of the First Universalist Church, Philadelphia, on the first Wednesday in May, (the 3d) at half past seven o'clock, P. M. By Order, ASHER MOORE, Standing Clerk.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 6th inst., by Rev. Otis A. Skinner, Mr. WM. A. TAYLOR, to Miss LAVINIA FOWLER.

By the same, in the Orchard Street Church on the 10th inst., Capt. GEORGE W. FRASIER, to Miss MARGARET YOULE.

In this city, 16th inst., by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, Mr. THOMAS L. CROWELL and Miss CHARLOTTE WOOD.

At Westmoreland, N. H., Feb. 22, by Rev. J. W. Ford, Rev. JOHN S. LEE, Principal of Melrose Seminary, Brattleboro', Vt., to Miss ELMIRA BENNETT, Preceptress of the same Institution.

In Troy, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, CHARLES RICHARDS, to SARAH ADAMS; DILLEN B. ALLEN, to HARRIET C. SEELEY; HENRY HILK, to DORIS WAHLDEIM; ERESTUS B. YOUNG, to LYDIA SAUDERS; HENRY L. LEONARD, to MARTHA S. CARD; BENJAMIN HOLDEN, to NANCY CRAVER.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday last, MALVINA, daughter of J. B. Harriot, aged 18 years.

She was an amiable and lovely young girl; and many hearts will sincerely deplore her early death. May God sanctify this solemn event to the bereaved family and numerous friends, and make it promotive of their spiritual good.

In Westport, N. Y., March 27, Mrs. MARIAM SKINNER, the mother of Rev's O. A. Skinner and S. P. Skinner, aged 68 years.

Mrs. S. was in feeble health for many years before her death; and after the decease of her husband, though with children who did all for her happiness which kindness could dictate, her condition was very lonely. None but those who have experienced it, know what a loss it is for an aged person to be deprived of a companion. When far advanced in life, persons cannot conform to new circumstances, as they can when young; and they find it impossible to derive from youthful associates that happiness which flows from the company of those who have tastes and feelings corresponding to their own. The longer a husband and wife, who are united by a true affection, live together, the closer is their bond of union, and the more necessary do they become to each other's happiness. The last years of the life of Mrs. S. were sorrowful, and during all the period of her widowhood, her bereavement seemed as fresh and as afflictive as when it first occurred. She met death with composure, and said that she felt prepared for her great and last change. She has left seven children to mourn her loss.

In Andover, Mass., on the 7th inst., Mrs. MARIA PEABODY, wife of SAMUEL PEABODY, and youngest sister of Rev. Wm. S. Balch, of this city; aged 27 years.

Amiable and affectionate in all her intercourse with the world, she was greatly respected and beloved by all who knew her. Her career on the earth has been short indeed, but long enough to convince her of the insufficiency of aught that was hers to give stable happiness. But she is delivered out of all her troubles, and has gone to her immortal home to rejoice with the blest in heaven. Her death has opened afresh the wounds in many hearts, and left an impress of sorrow for one most worthy to be loved. She is blessed and happy now, and we will not lament her death with comfortless anguish; but, keenly as we may feel her loss, submit to the will of Him who is merciful, and who will comfort us in all our affliction. The following letter, from Rev. S. C. Loveland, conveyed the solemn intelligence.

Br. BALCH:—The matter of communication which I have to make to you, may not very much surprise you, though it may bring over your feelings a temporary shade of gloom. Your sister MARIA has now done with our world. What of earth was left her I saw deposited, yesterday, in the narrow, silent house of the dead. Her long sickness has been very patiently endured. For the last eight or nine days she sank by the power of her disease, much more rapidly than before. The flattering deception of consumption, that possibly she might recover, was entirely dispelled. She gave up all earthly interests, and felt that they were all in a situation in which she was passing beyond them.

Her departure took place about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 7th inst. It was most peaceful, as was the morning that was then ushering in upon our world. Some one said to her, "You have lived to see another day." "Have I?" said she. Shortly requested some water; held the tumbler in her own hand, while she tasted; and sank immediately away without a contortion or a groan.

In Mount Hope, Orange co., N. Y., on the 12th inst., Mr. CHARLES S. GREEN, in the 61st year of his age, leaving a wife, and five sons and three daughters, with many other relatives and friends to mourn his departure from among them. But they do not mourn as those who have no hope. They have indeed much to console them under this bereavement. The deceased had for many years embraced, and avowed his faith in, the doctrine of Universal Grace and Salvation, and, by an upright and irreproachable life, adorned his religious profession. His faith was to him the substance of things hoped for. It gave him support and strong consolation in life, he found it good to live by; and retaining his reason to the last, he held fast his integrity, and departed in entire resignation and peace, with a hope full of immortality.

It was his earnest wish before he died that a Universalist minister might be obtained to preach at his funeral. The writer of this notice being applied to, complied with the request, travelling more than 100 miles for that purpose. The funeral was in the forenoon of the 14th inst. A good congregation attended. The discourse delivered on the occasion was founded on the passage in 1st Corinthians, xv, 26—"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." A Congregational Minister was present, and by request offered a very appropriate prayer. There is, it is thought, reason to hope that some good was done, and that the mourners were comforted.